

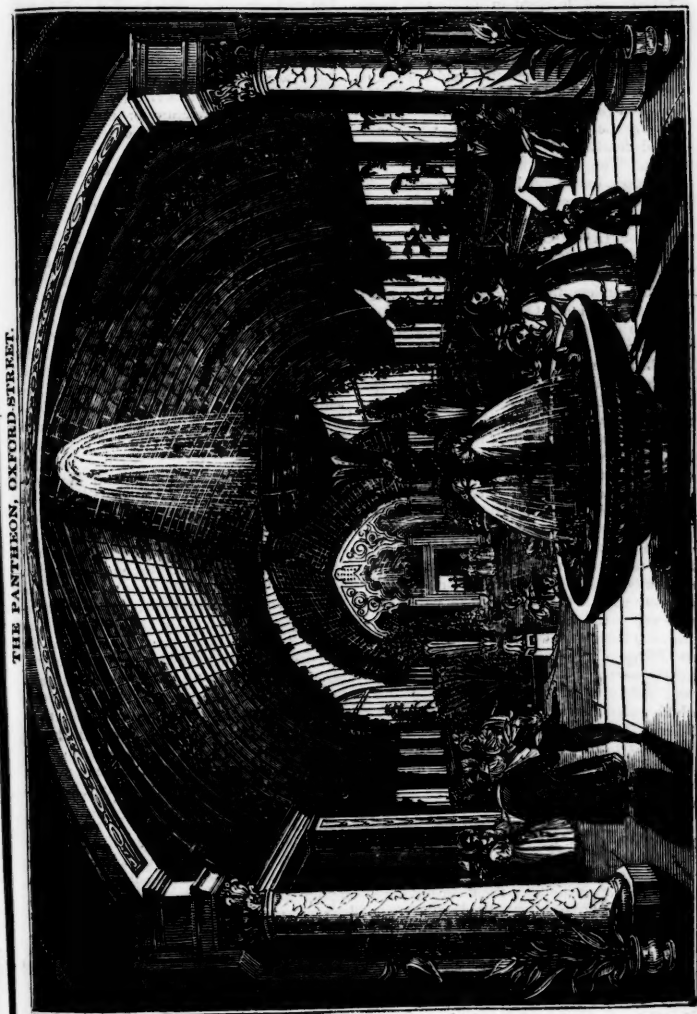
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THE PANTHEON, OXFORD STREET.

THE CONSERVATORY.

## THE PANTHEON, OXFORD-STREET.

THE extensive building known as the Pantheon, (situate about one-third of a mile on the left from St. Giles's, and near Poland-street,) was originally erected from the designs of James Wyatt, Esq.: it was begun in 1768, and finished in 1771, and is described as being "regarded both by natives and foreigners, as the most elegant structure in Europe, if not on the globe." It was built for public amusements, and opened on the 27th of January, 1772, when nearly two thousand persons of rank and fashion assembled in the splendid structure, which contained fourteen rooms, exclusive of the rotunda. The latter had double colonnades, or recesses, ornamented with Grecian reliefs; and the dome contained others equally rich. In order to support the propriety of the name, Pantheon, (a temple sacred to the gods,) the architect introduced niches round the base of the dome, with statues of the heathen deities, and to complete the circle, added Britannia, and George III. and Queen Charlotte! "Such was the classic taste exhibited by the proprietors: the gods worshipped in the real Pantheon were compelled to witness a modern Pantheon dedicated to pleasures and amusements, of which Jupiter himself was ignorant when in the Court of Olympus."

During the first winter, there were at the Pantheon, assemblies only, without dancing or music, three times a week. On other days, each person paid five shillings for seeing the building only! But the saloon and rotunda, though spacious, were so crowded on all these occasions, that, in July following, it was resolved to enlarge the building. Subsequently, masquerades were given here upon a superb scale. One of the most celebrated was the grand masquerade got up by Delpini, the famous clown, in commemoration of the Prince of Wales becoming of age. The tickets were sold at three guineas each; but poor Delpini was a loser by the speculation, which occasioned him (Delpini) to tell the Prince, that another similar entertainment would send him to his "Papa's Bench." In the same year, Garrick attended a masquerade here as King of the Gipsies, a character which, according to the statement of the time, he rendered inimitable, by his spirit and humour. These entertainments, however, soon declined; for, as one of the first regulations of the proprietors was the exclusion of improper company, the choice of such a species of entertainment proved unfortunate in its pecuniary results, however honourable it might be to the conductors.

The Pantheon was next occupied for a much better purpose, when in the year 1784, it was used for the performance of part of "the Commemoration of Handel," when the King, Queen, and Royal Family, with all the

first nobility in the kingdom assembled here. After the Opera House was burnt down, in 1790, the Pantheon was converted into a theatre, and the Italian company removed here in the season of 1791. The house was, for this purpose, very small; but, here it was that one of the first bands in Europe graced the orchestra, alternately headed by Giardini, La Motte, Cramer, or Giornovich, who, with Fischer, Crosdil, and Cervetto, produced effects in symphonies, concertos, solos, and vocal accompaniments, which had never before been heard in this country. "No person of taste, in architecture or music, (says a describer of this place,) who remembers the Pantheon, its exhibitions, its numerous, splendid, and elegant assemblies, can hear it mentioned without a sigh."

On January 14, 1792, this magnificent pile was burned to the ground. The fire originated in the painter's room, and spread so rapidly through the building, that not a single article could be saved. The brilliant light from the dried materials illuminated the western quarter of the metropolis; and, when the roof fell in, the flames rose in a lofty column, and, continuing to ascend for several minutes, formed a terrific spectacle. The value of property thus destroyed was estimated at 80,000*l*. Happily, the thickness and height of the walls prevented the conflagration from spreading to the contiguous houses.

Michael Kelly, in his piquant *Reminiscences*, thus notes this conflagration. "On the 14th of January, 1792, the Pantheon was burned. Mr. Sheridan was with me on that day. I went with him into Oxford-street, to view the conflagration. While Mr. Sheridan was observing how very high the flames were, he said, 'Is it possible to extinguish the flames?' An Irish fireman who was close to us, and heard him make the observation, said, 'For the love of Heaven, Mr. Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy, sir; by the Powers, it will soon be down; sure enough, they won't have another drop of water in five minutes.' Pat said this in the natural warmth of heart, for he imagined that the burning of the Pantheon theatre must have been gratifying to Mr. Sheridan, as the proprietor of Drury-lane."

The Pantheon was afterwards rebuilt, but not in so splendid a style as the original; but the elegant front and principal entrance in Oxford-street were restored. It was then appropriated as a theatre, and for exhibitions, lectures, and musical entertainments; but with indifferent success. Thus matters progressed until June, 1814, when a bill was brought into Parliament for granting a patent to Mr. Cundy, to enable him to open the theatre with performances in the regular drama: but, the bill was lost. The property then fell into Chancery, and there remained

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until last year, when it was purchased by a partnership of four or six persons, and has, at their expense, been repaired and refitted, from the designs of Sydney Smirke, Esq., architect.

The principal front in Oxford-street, (see page 185,) has been altered by the removal of the pediment. It now consists of a portico supported by eight fluted Ionic columns: above is a handsome Venetian window, and a plain attic crowns the whole. The front in Poland-street has a large Venetian window, and an ornamented doorway. The exterior has few pretensions to architectural distinction; but the interior, "in point of extent, design, convenience of arrangement, and beauty of execution united, is unequalled by any thing of the kind in London or Europe;" and by aid of a clever contemporary,\* we will endeavour to give the reader some idea of its magnificence.

On entering from Oxford street, the visitor passing through a vestibule and hall, (in which are some noble specimens of sculpture), ascends a plain and massive staircase to the picture galleries, which are lofty and lighted from the roof. Here, through a noble doorway, with scagliola pilasters, is obtained a view of the Grand Saloon, appropriated to the Bazaar. This splendid apartment is 116 feet in length, by 90 feet in width, and 60 feet in height. The *coup d'œil* is imposing, and brilliant in the highest degree: the "spectator" is, indeed, charmed with "the grandeur of its dimensions, the beauty of its proportions, and the lightness, elegance, gaiety, and novelty of its decorations." It is almost entirely lighted from the roof, which is semicircular, and supported along its whole length by a double row of arches springing from massive piers.† The roof is ornamented in compartments, with architectural enrichments, in white relief upon pale-coloured grounds; producing, with the flood of light admitted through the two ranges of long, curved windows in the roof, a very airy and lively effect. The sides of the piers and the soffits of the arches are adorned with beautiful arabesque scrolls, fancifully designed with flowers, fruits, and birds, and tastefully executed in colours, the brightness and variety of which are harmonized so as to heighten the effect of the architectural embellishments. This style of ornament is quite new to this country; and in this respect, the building is unique. The Loggias of the Vatican, from which the idea

was taken, will convey to those who have seen them an idea of the style. The paintings are admirable as works of art, and will bear close examination. Round the sides of the building, between the piers and the walls, runs midway a gallery filled with counters. The whole of the floor below is also ingeniously laid out with counters, which resemble in design and arrangement the *parterres* of a flower-garden, and must fascinate even our utilitarian encyclopædist, Mr. Loudon. Upon these counters are temptingly displayed articles of dress and general embellishment—in part, the elegant manufacture of industrious females; and, in harmony with the charming associations of the whole scene, these counters are attended by fair *marchandes*. The saloon is also lighted with a circular window of stained glass at each end; one over the entrance from the picture galleries, and another above a semicircular recess, ornamented with arches and pillars opposite. To the taste of the latter window, we decidedly object, with the *Spectator*: it is a sad *shop* performance, and but ill accords with the artistical elegance around it.

Descending the staircase to the floor, the altitude and fine proportions of the building are seen in the best point of view; though the defect in the architectural arrangement referred to by Mr. Loudon is likewise more evident here.

The enrichments throughout the building are of classic character; and it would be impossible for us to describe the varied beauty of the cornices and entablatures, the elaborate finish of the pateræ, (many of them of the most chaste design,) or the massive richness of the console and cantilever projections, the alto and basso relievos, &c. Yet the improved manufacture of these ornaments must be noticed; as they are of a material hitherto unemployed, or rarely used, in this branch of decorative art. They are of *papier mâché*, and were modelled by Mr. Charles F. Bielefield, and fitted up, executed and painted by him within about four months.

Adjoining the saloon gallery are other apartments for refreshments, &c.

Passing through the recess on the ground floor, opposite to the entrance from the picture gallery, you enter a handsome conservatory, 88 feet in length, and 25 feet broad, in the Moorish style of architecture. It consists of a highly-enriched alcove, the roof of which is coloured, or we should say, illuminated with arabesque; and beneath are large mirrors, and gilded wirework aviaries, with Java sparrows, canaries, and other birds of brilliant plumage. Here also are stands for perroquets; and in the centre is a graceful and fanciful fountain, supporting a vase of gold-fish, and throwing aloft its limpid waters, which fall into a capacious basin, and bear beautiful aquatic plants. The arch of the alcove is supported

\* The Spectator Newspaper, No. 308 and No. 327.

† Mr. Loudon, in his *Architectural Magazine*, observes on these arches and piers: "the effect, looking at the sides and roof, when entering from Oxford-street, (on the ground floor,) is harmonious and beautiful; but, on arriving at the opposite end, if we turn round, and look up to the gallery, we are shocked by a square opening with coupled pilasters on each side, surmounted by an architrave, without any connexion whatever with any part of the prevailing system."

by scagliola columns, with superbly gilt capitals. From thence you descend by a few steps, and pass through a fine vista of choice plants, exotic and indigenous, tastefully arranged on stages; whilst plants climb gracefully up the glazed sides and roof. The vases containing the plants, and the tripods and other stands are in the best taste. The conservatory is terminated with three, white, marble arches, in the Moorish style, in which are inserted mirrors, which give the enchanting effects of light, space, and airiness; "for, at every ascent of the steps, the imaginary vista produced by the reflexion is increased in extent."

Through the middle arch you pass into a saloon, fitted up as a tent, for ladies waiting the drawing up of their carriages. Next is a lobby for footmen, and then you reach the carriage entrance in Great Marlborough-street. It should be added that to every part of the establishment, the public are admitted *gratuitously*; and that the paintings are, in themselves, "an exhibition."

The prefixed Engraving of the Conservatory has been reduced from a well-executed print, by Mr. W. B. Cooke: it is sold coloured, and is a very pleasing representation of this fairy-like resort.

#### THOUGHTS OF A TRAVELLER.

*Me voici à Paris.*—Three nights in that infernal machine the diligence, have nearly been the death of me; and though I had the luck to get a corner place, my back aches, my neck is twisted, and my legs are so benumbed that they feel like the pillars of Hercules. How the unhappy gentleman in the middle managed to survive the journey, I know not: I really imagine it must have been a penance ordered by his confessor for some deadly sin; truly, let his offence have been ever so great, it is amply atoned for. May his days in purgatory be short! And the flies—may their bodies, (which now strew the bottom of our vehicle,) roast to eternity in Tophet! I never rightly appreciated the plagues of Egypt until now. I am sure, Beelzebub the prince of flies, must have been present in person, leading on his buzzing legions against their sleepy, but not sleeping, victims. Peace to our sufferings! Let me forget them for a time, and proceed to pleasanter matters.

There are two kinds of travellers, one set who view cities and scenery, and another who study men and manners. The former will tell you to a fraction the height of a cathedral, the breadth of a river, and the name of the artist that painted that beautiful altarpiece they so much admired: the latter will speak more on the curious customs of these inhabitants, the singular laws of those, the prejudices of this state, the observances of

that, and the condition of our foreign friends in general. That the latter are the true travellers no one can doubt. Ulysses, the prince of voyagers, was of this stamp. This information, certainly, can only be acquired by long residence in the towns visited, with good introductions to the inhabitants. The first class of travellers I have mentioned, pass through countries rapidly, and, in consequence, turn their attention merely to the natural features of the district, and those objects which strike the superficial inquirer; without having time to descend into those intimate connexions which require diligence and observation to understand, and which alone bring any solid advantage in the acquisition. "The proper study of mankind is man," is a true though trite maxim. In the time of Ulysses, letters of introduction were not in fashion. He generally carried his in the shape of a shipwreck, or some such interesting accident; he stopped his six months or his year at court, till he tired them out, and then jumped off to the next country he could get a decent excuse for visiting; always professing a wish to get home. He was indeed a great man. Remember the epithets Homer gives him! Not like the Trojan hero, "pius Æneas," or "pater Æneas." Piety and paternity are very good things in their way, but not at all the chief requisites for a traveller, or the hero of an epic! No, Ulysses is "godlike," "many-counsell'd," and "magnanimous." He must have been a right pleasant companion over his Chian wine after dinner, overflowing with anecdotes of the Trojan war, and of his various upsets and break-downs on the road. *Ulyssiana* would have made a good book, and would have been a proper pendant to the *Odyssey*. I often wonder how people travelled in those days. I doubt the existence of stage-coaches, and am still less credulous with respect to steam-boats. Priam, we know, kept his chariot, which I fancy, from what that venerable gentleman, Homer, says, was a good deal like our modern cabriolet; since, he tells us, there was room for two and a driver. Equestrianism was not then in vogue, and the pirates made the trips by water rather disagreeable;—not but that the pirates were very respectable men. When Nestor entertained the son of Ulysses, he asked him, "Where do you come from? Are you a thief?" and, evidently, he would have treated Telemachus the pirate, as well as Telemachus the prince, perhaps better; as he might not have told any of those long stories which the old gentleman was so fond of inflicting on his auditors, and with which he, accordingly, regaled the ears of the young Ithacan. But, a truce to the heroes of the Trojan era—if I once get fairly among them, I shall be another ten years before I finish. Well, reader, perhaps you may know how they and

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their descendants contrived to get on, and you may be deep in the mysteries of the *bigæ*, *quadrigæ*, *currus*, *rheda*, and *lectica*; but, notwithstanding your locomotive acquirements, we will drop the subject for the present. What then shall we do? Have you a mind for a walk? The *Champs Elysées* will be in their glory; so, come along.

Nothing strikes me so much as a proof of the frivolity of the French as their fondness for childish pursuits and amusements. See yonder the greybeards playing dominos under the trees by the light of the thousand lamps that sparkle in the *Champs Elysées*; and a little farther on are three respectable, stout, middle-aged personages, riding delighted on the backs of the wooden horses in a merry-go-round. What is this?—A weighing machine, where for the moderate expenditure of three sous, a man may know the number of pounds and ounces with which he cumbers another earth. That lady in the chair must, I am sure, weigh twice as much as her diminutive husband who stands by, wondering at, and delighted with, the obesity of his better half in the true sense of the words. See, how the index turns round! What is the number it stops at?—A hundred and—Halt! no tales. A little farther on stands a tradesman, endeavouring to throw a large, leathern ball into a tub just calculated to hold it: a rich prize of pastry awaits success.—“Very near, sir! very near! Once more, sir—try once more.”—The worthy man casts a look at the tempting reward, yields to the persuasion of his interested adviser, pays his four sous, poises his ball exactly, takes careful aim, and, of course, misses again! Listen to that martial music, proceeding from yonder brilliant edifice.—It is Franconi’s, the *Cirque Olympique*, the *Astley’s* of Paris. Let us go in. Ah! it is Mademoiselle Angelique, on a fiery horse, entrancing the admiring crowd. I have seen longer riding habits. Here is Signor Jocko, and whether he is a monkey or a man I cannot say. He is an honour to either species. Now he rides backwards, now sideways, now on his head; in fact, any way but the right. It is getting too hot: let us come out. If you are inclined for an ice, either of these *cafés* will afford you ample scope for gratifying your glacial propensities. We can sit here and listen to the concert;—divine music, though I think the drums, trumpets, and cymbals have rather more than their due weight in the scale of instruments. The passing crowd is amusing; grisettes in abundance with their *chers amis* fit by; and the number of carriages opposite Franconi’s show the rank of some of the spectators. Let us return home through the Boulevards. I will leave you at Tortoni’s. *Au revoir.*

R. H. G.

## WATCH-CLOCKS.

SOME years since the late Mr. William Strutt invented a plan which should compel the watchmen in his manufactories at Belper, in Derbyshire, to do their duty, or which should show invariably where and at what time they neglected it. This was effected by means of an instrument called a *watch-clock*, which so perfectly answers its purpose, that in Mr. Strutt’s establishment scarcely an instance in a year has occurred of a man neglecting his duty for a single half hour, during the whole of that time.

The watch-clock has within the last ten years been introduced in watching the town of Derby; and, such is the economy of its adaptation, that ten men are now sufficient for watching Derby, which formerly employed double that number. These ten men walk their separate rounds from eleven o’clock at night till five in the morning: from eleven to twelve, part of them go their round but once, making one mile to be traversed in that time, in order to enable them to examine doors, windows, &c., in their routes. From twelve to five, five of the watchmen go the round twice every hour, one of them once in the hour, and four in three-quarters of an hour, all moving at the rate of about two miles an hour. They are not suffered to call the hour or give any intimation that they are on their route, but move on silently with perfectly dark lanterns, the light in which is only exhibited when called for on urgent occasions.

In order to compel each watchman to go the route that is fixed for him at the times appointed, watch-clocks are provided at certain stations. These clocks effect their object by means of certain pegs, each of which is required to be put down by a bolt within a quarter of an hour of the time fixed upon; and unless so put down, it remains up, and in the morning registers every quarter of an hour of neglected time. The clocks are examined by a steady, responsible man every morning, and the results noted down in a book under the same number and route of each watchman. If any one of them has omitted putting down a single peg, the superintendent copies the time and number of each omission in a book, which lies at the house where every clock is fixed, to enable the occupier of the house to examine if the superintendent enter those pegs right, which are missed, and into another book, in which he copies all omissions and remarks. These omissions are explained by the watchman to the superintendent every morning at five o’clock, and if he gives an account of his having taken up disorderly persons, of having watched suspicious ones, or having been otherwise properly occupied—if such account be satisfactory to the superintendent—the omissions are allowed. It is part of the

duty of the superintendent, when he goes his round, to inquire into the truth of the watchman's representation. All pegs missed, as well as those which are accounted for and allowed, are marked every day in a column opposite the watchman's name and route, on a paper called "a Register List." These are hung up in the window of the watch-house; and thus, not only the watchman himself sees every day the number of pegs he has missed, but the public see it also, and are enabled likewise to judge if any observations they have made on the neglect of an individual are properly noticed. The inhabitants, generally, are invited to report any irregularity to the superintendent at the watch-house, at half-past eleven in the morning. At the end of each week, the missed pegs are added up, and the forfeit is deducted from the watchman's wages, viz. one penny for every peg omitted.

By these regulations, and a proper arrangement of stations, it is found that two watchmen are, during the whole night, so near to each other in the town that they can come to each other's assistance by springing their rattles, in from two to three minutes; and three or more can be collected in four or five minutes. And, by a simple contrivance of the change of route, no person can know when the watchman can come to any specific place.

To make this plan effective, it was necessary to have 23 clocks, marked from 1 to 23; whilst keys and locks to each clock, for each watchman, are provided, of such construction that no one can pick them, and one cannot open the other. If any watchman procure another key, which it will be difficult to do it can be rendered useless by a very slight alteration in the tumbler.

Six of these clocks have one set of pegs, 8 two ditto, 7 three ditto, 2 four ditto, being equal to 51 separate clocks, so that four watchmen come to one clock; and each can put down only his own pegs, and cannot possibly interfere with the other three, or with any other clock. These clocks are fixed at houses easily accessible, and at such places as must compel the watchman to pass through particular streets, and in such a time as he is directed, or the clocks will in the morning show when he has not been there. The rate at which he walks is, on the average, two miles per hour.\*

\* Abridged from the Report of the Commissioners of the Derby Nightly Watch; quoted in the Appendix to the Municipal Corporation Report, Part III. fo. 1851-2.

Dr. Kitchiner, in his directions for roasting a Sucking Pig, says: "A Sucking Pig, like a young Child, must not be left for an instant."

## NOTES ON SOME NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(Continued from page 150.)

### 7. SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S SALMONIA.

*Vegetables*, (p. 201.)—Davy, in a declaration, speaks of "a castle, or mansion house, clothed in beautiful vegetables." What an expression! Of course, the mind's eye will immediately see a castle, or mansion house clothed with beautiful cabbages, carrots, turnips, and other decorative vegetables. Surely he must have written beautiful vegetation, or else vegetals, which would be admissible, as some botanical writers use the word *vegetal*, instead of *vegetable*, for the sake of uniformity of termination, when mentioning the three grand divisions of nature—thus, animal, vegetal, and mineral kingdoms. Our lately deceased and much lamented friend, Professor Burnett, in an excellent lecture delivered at King's College, on March 14, 1832, made the following observations on this ugly word vegetable. "One common word, however hypercritical the change may sound, I will confess that I do wish to see a little altered; and as it is one of the first we shall be compelled to use, and one that, of all, will be the most frequently employed, perhaps it will be as well at once to state it, and thus early to anticipate any objection that may not impossibly be raised to the substitution of the word *vegetal* for *vegetable*, in the drafts and diagrams which have been drawn out to assist in the explication of these lectures. This has been done designedly, and not by chance; for as I have elsewhere observed, 'How such an irregular and inharmonious word as *vegetable* became established in our tongue, to the prejudice of the legitimate and more elegant, (although now regarded as dis-able-ed,) *vegetal*, can scarcely be conjectured. This latter word, long all but obsolete, still has good authority to boast. Butler writes, 'as from a seed, all sorts of *vegetals* proceed;' Burton also prefers this form; he says, 'The earth yields nourishment to *vegetals*, sensible creatures feed on *vegetals*,' &c. Both *végétal* and *végétale* are current words among the French, and as the latter can scarcely be exploded now, it is to be hoped that both will soon become equally familiar terms with us. My acute and learned friend, Mr. George Field, in his 'Analogy of the Physical Sciences,' has also well observed, 'it is to be desired that custom should authorize the substitution of *vegetal* for *vegetable*, whether used as a substantive or adjective; for, if the terms animal and mineral be more proper than animable and minerable, then, by correct analogy, *vegetal* is more proper than *vegetable*.' If custom, however, refuse to admit the euphonious *vegetal* as copartner with animal and mineral, at least, let consistency pervade the whole,

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for animable and minerable are alone fit compeers for the cacophonous *vegetable*."

*Craw-fish*, (p. 204.)—Though this fish be called, as here, *craw-fish*, yet that can only be regarded as a vulgar corruption. Formerly, its name in this country was *crevice*, from the French *ecrevisse*, since corrupted to *cray-fish* and *craw-fish*.

*Ants*, (p. 207.)—Speaking of ants, it is here stated, that "the females, when impregnated, lose their wings." This would give a reader to suppose that the wings dropped off: not so, however. Kirby and Spence state that female ants "cast their wings, not accidentally, but by a *voluntary act*." When an ant of this sex first emerges from the pupa, she is adorned with two pairs of wings, the upper or outer pair being larger than her body. With these, when a virgin, she is enabled to traverse the fields of ether, surrounded by millions of the other sex, who are candidates for her favour. But, when once connubial rights are celebrated, the unhappy husband dies, and the widowed bride seeks only how to join the choir of aerial dancers,—her only thought is to construct a subterranean abode, in which she may deposit and attend to her eggs, and cherish her embryo young, till, having passed through their various changes, they arrive at their perfect state, and she can devolve upon them a portion of her maternal cares. Her ample wings, which before were her chief ornament, and the instruments of her pleasure, are now an incumbrance which incommode her in the fulfilment of the great duty uppermost in her mind; she, therefore, without a moment's hesitation, *plucks them from her shoulders*. Might we not then address females who have families, in words like those of Solomon: "Go to the ant, ye *mothers*, consider her ways, and be wise."—*Introduction to Entomology*, vol. i. p. 369.

*Caterpillars*, (p. 209.)—It is here given as a general principle, that the caterpillars of moths and butterflies, when about to transform into the chrysalis state, spin cocoons. But several species of caterpillars, including all those of the butterfly tribe, do not spin any cocoon at all.

*Gnat*, (p. 210.)—"The gnat, the female of which only is said by De Geer to bite man, or suck human blood, in Sweden, lays her eggs in a kind of little boat, or cocoon of her own spinning." In England, and, we believe, every where else, it is only the female that sucks human blood. She does not, however, here or elsewhere deposit her eggs "in a kind of little boat or cocoon of her own spinning." She merely, while stationed over the water's surface, lays her eggs so as to keep united, by the aid of a glutinous fluid, in the *shape* of a boat. To talk of a gnat "*spinning*" a cocoon may sound very well to the ears of an angler, but to those of a

naturalist it is ridiculous. It is, really, "spinning a yarn," as a sailor would say. Now, with only one exception, no insects, (spiders are not insects, but belong to another class of creatures,) when in their perfect state, or the state in which they breed, can spin, or are provided with material to spin. The exception to which we refer is mentioned by Kirby and Spence, who state that "the only insects certainly known to spin an egg-pouch like the spiders, are the Hydrophili, a kind of water-beetles."—*Introduction to Entomology*, vol. iii. p. 72. Pliny, Bingley, and Goldsmith, (who, though a noble poet, was a miserable naturalist,) are, it may be stated, also guilty of misrepresenting the gnat as spinning a thread. Goldsmith, indeed, asserts that the female gnat goes under water to anchor her eggs, by means of a thread, to the bottom!

*Coleoptera*, (p. 214.)—Instead of the order Coleoptera, Davy speaks of the "Colyoptera genus."

J. H. F.

*Southwark.*

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### Spirit of Discovery.

#### HALLEY'S COMET.

GOSPORT Observatory, Sept. 2.—A few general remarks on the comet, whilst it is an universal topic of conversation, may not at present be uninteresting. It now rises a quarter before 11 at night, nearly north-east, under the bright star Capella; and 1, or half-past 1 in the morning, with a perfectly clear sky, is a good time to look for it. Its diurnal arc, or that above the horizon, being nearly three-fourths of the celestial sphere, it only continues 6½ hours under the horizon. It is a very old comet: for Apian observed it in 1531, and Kepler in 1607; indeed, it is supposed to have been in existence upwards of 500 years, and having, it is said, decreased in brilliancy and train in latter revolutions round the sun, we must not, therefore, in its most favourable position, expect that it will present such an appearance as Cassini expressed, when he observed it in 1682,—that it was as round and clear as Jupiter, which expression is confirmed by other contemporary observers; nor that its train will appear to us under so great an angle as 90°, as observed by M. Pingre in 1759. Our admiration of its present visit, or when it becomes visible to the naked eye, the latter end of this month, will be excited chiefly by its many curious historical associations, and from its being the first that was ever predicted, and that tolerably true, by the celebrated Dr. Halley, who also carefully observed it in 1682, and from a knowledge of its elements, and the similarity of its periodic times of revolution, strongly contended that it was the same as observed in the years 1305, 1380, 1456, 1531, and 1607. But some writers, in

adopting the test of identity for the age of the comet, have gone so far back as 130 years before the birth of Christ for the first time of its appearance, when it is said to have signalized the birth of Mithridates; and certain it is, that in tracing back its respective revolutions at a mean period of 76 years, it will bring it nearly to that early date. —*Hampshire Chronicle*.

Communicated by Professor Airy to the *Cambridge Chronicle*:—"This remarkable body has at length made its appearance. As early as the 6th of August it was seen at Rome; but though carefully sought, it was not discovered in this country so late as Thursday the 20th of August. Early in the morning of Sunday and Monday last (Aug. the 22nd, 15h., and Aug. the 23rd, 14h.) it was seen by Sir James South, at Kensington, and, (at very nearly the same times,) by a well-known observer (the Rev. Mr. Hussey, at Hayes,) near Bromley, in Kent. The account of the former observations is published in the *Times* of Monday last; for that of the latter we are indebted to private communication. The admirable mounting of the telescopes employed, especially that of Sir James South's powerful achromatic, rendered the search much less troublesome than it would be with an unmounted telescope. The large telescope presented to our (Cambridge) Observatory by the Duke of Northumberland is not yet mounted, and could not therefore conveniently be employed for seeking the comet. Of the place of the comet, as observed at Rome, we have no further account than that it agreed nearly with the place predicted by M. Damoiseau. On the 22nd of August, 15 h. Sir James South found its right ascension to be about 5 h. 42 min. 31 sec., and its declination  $23^{\circ} 43$  sec. north; at Bromley, at nearly the same time, the determinations were 5 h. 42 min. 20 sec., and  $23^{\circ} 45$  sec. On the 23rd of August, 14 h. Sir James South found its right ascension to be 5 h. 43 min. 18 sec., and its declination  $23^{\circ} 50$  sec. The right ascensions do not differ materially from those of M. de Pontécoulant's Ephemeris, but the declinations are less by about  $1^{\circ}$ . The time of perihelion-passage calculated by M. de Pontécoulant is the 7th of November: the observations of right ascension would correspond better with the time of perihelion-passage, the 10th of November, and those of declination would be best represented by supposing the time of perihelion-passage the 16th of November. The latter determination is liable to a much smaller error than the former; and we may probably, with much confidence, fix on the 15th of November as the day when the comet will be nearest to the sun. On that supposition the comet will be nearest to the earth about the 11th of October, and its distance will then be less than one-fourth of the sun's

distance. For the first ten days of October the comet will not set to this country; and on the 6th or 7th of October it will probably be seen within the square formed by the four principal stars of the Great Bear, or Charles's Wain. The yet imperfect observations make it impossible to predict its place at present with greater accuracy. It is remarkable that, from the accounts of all the observers, the comet at present exhibits no tail: in all its former appearances it is described as having a tail of considerable length. There is, however, reason to believe that all comets diminish in splendour on each successive appearance. The comet is only visible at present with a telescope of at least six inches' aperture.

"The near agreement of the observed time of re-appearance with the predicted time (the error not exceeding nine days in seventy-five years) must be considered an astonishing proof of the accuracy which has been introduced into astronomical calculations. The neglect of the most trifling disturbing cause would have many times increased this error, as is evident from the circumstance that the periodic time of this comet has once been increased more than a year by the attractions of the planets. The nearness of the agreement also proves that there is no unknown planet of great bulk (as has sometimes been suspected) near which the comet has passed. The next inquiry among astronomers will be, What is the cause of the trifling disagreement which exists? It is probable that it is entirely due to small errors in the observations at former appearances."

#### CAPTAIN BACK.

CAPTAIN BACK arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday the 8th, in the packet North America.

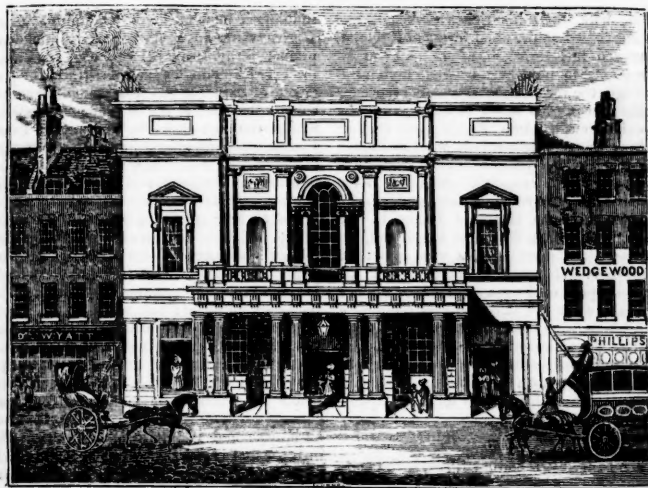
The *Montreal Gazette*, after announcing his safe return in high health and spirits, states that Dr. King and the rest of the expedition were left at Fort Reliance, all well, and intending to proceed for England by way of Hudson's Bay. No casualty had occurred except the death of Williamson, a volunteer artilleryman, who died on the journey back to Hudson's Bay station. He was an elderly man, and unable to undergo the fatigue of the expedition; and, though accompanied by two Canadians well acquainted with the country, separated from them and perished. Captain Back despatched men in all directions to search for him, but his body was not found for a considerable time.

Captain Back is further stated to have traced Great Fish River to the sea; and it is said to be large, but dangerous of navigation, and greatly impeded by ice. This river may, nevertheless, open a new channel of communication with the polar waters. Captain Back's observations on the aurora and mag-

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THE PANTHEON, OXFORD-STREET, (see page 179.)

netic poles, as he approached the north, are looked for with much interest.

The extreme cold experienced (say the *Montreal papers*) was 70° below zero. Capt. Back left Fort Reliance, March 20, travelled on snow-shoes to Fort Chippewayan, whence he departed May 28, and arrived at Lachin on the 6th of August.

We presume that Captain James Ross will now proceed on his mission by sea to the Arctic Circle, which, we believe, only waited the return of Captain Back, the vessel being already selected, and nearly fitted for the voyage.—*Literary Gazette*.

### New Books.

#### A SUMMER RAMBLE IN SYRIA.

*By the Rev. Vere Monro.*

[This work will be found to yield as much excursive reading as its title promises. It is, indeed, a ramble; for, scarcely two pages are occupied by the same subject. It is throughout, shrewd and clever, ingenious and lively; yet, it has also a great interest, in pointing out many sites of events perpetuated in the Bible. The whole region is a promising one for the observant traveller, whether he look to its ancient history, or its present condition. It is holy ground—as Jerusalem, Bethsaida, Damascus, Lebanon, Antioch, Galilee, and Aleppo, or their remains, testify: whilst no country, perhaps, exhibits a greater variety in the character of its population. The peculiar qualifications of the reverend traveller for illustrating the history and identity of the numerous Scriptural sites, will be

found to conduce materially to the interest of his journal; though, it should be added, that the work is, by no means, over-fraught with sacred characteristics, nor is it encumbered with speculative disputations on disputed points, or identities, which it were now fruitless labour to attempt settling. But, it is time to proceed in a few extracts.]

#### Godoloski—a Child of Fortune.

This lively little Frank had visited divers countries, without residing in any one long enough to acquire its language; accordingly, his *patois* was a mosaic of all known tongues, with much that belonged to none. By birth a Pole, he was early consigned to the care of an uncle, a clergyman in Philadelphia, whose roof he left in consequence of his aunt smiting him in the face with a coffee-pot. Houseless for the night, he took shelter in a watch-box, and was next morning carried before the mayor as a vagrant. His uncle being sent for, used every argument to induce him to return, but to no purpose: Godoloski had resolved to visit his native land, and nothing could shake his determination; whereupon his kind-hearted uncle wept, and beat his aunt,—and the young Pole took his leave of America, and his passage for Europe in a French vessel. During the voyage, he was captured by the Dutch, and being detained a prisoner for ten months, subsequently passed into England, and fixing himself at Manchester, married the daughter of a rich merchant. “Now,” said he, “I kept my carriage.” But, alas! the instability of all human happiness!

His wife died, his riches perished, and having visited all the chief towns in England, he settled in Edinburgh, where his great solace seems to have been oat-cake and milk-porridge, the recollection of which even now makes him rub his hands with delight. After this, he travelled into Russia; but finding nothing there to detain him, went to France and resided at Lyons, where he became a soap-boiler, publican, and preacher. Here he flourished, his revenues increased, and he had lodged some thousand francs in the Lyons' bank, when the house failed, and, becoming again penniless, he was compelled to migrate. His next attempt was in the northern part of European Turkey, whence he finally came to Cairo, and now occupies a shop about nine feet square in the Frank quarter, where he practices as chemist, perfumer, and physician. His dearest wish at present is to return to Scotland, marry a Scotchwoman, and breakfast on oat-cake and milk-porridge.

#### Edom.

In meditating a journey through the confines of Edom, I had overlooked the prophetic denunciations against any who should traverse it, so literally and wonderfully enforced up to the present hour. "None shall pass through it for ever and ever."\* "I will cut off from Mount Seir him that passeth out, and him that returneth."† The repeated and persevering attempts of travellers‡ to explore Idumæa, have always proved abortive, except in two instances. Seetzen§ did "pass through," and died soon after at Aleppo: Burckhardt penetrated into it, but turned aside in dismay, and died soon after at Cairo.

The lasting validity of these prophetic warnings have been powerfully vindicated in Keith's Evidence of Prophecy. With all submission to the writer in the Quarterly, I must incline to the literal acceptance of the prophecy respecting Edom, which seems to be thus far supported by the facts adduced in evidence, and to the opinion that none shall "pass through it for ever and ever," (except to their cost,) until the days come when the gospel of peace shall have harmonized the whole earth, and the prophecy shall be finally completed that "Seir and Edom shall be a possession;" which Bishop Newton, following Onkelos the Chaldee paraphrast, interprets primarily of David, but ultimately of the Messiah.

#### Women of Samaria.

We were proceeding on our way, when some women were descried drawing water at a well near the track, and the day being hot, I desired my servant to ask if they would give me some to drink; but they refused the

indulgence, one of them exclaiming, "Shall I give water to a Christian, and make my pitcher filthy, so that I can use it no more for ever?" This happened within the precincts of Samaria, and was a proof how little change the spirit of the people had undergone within the last eighteen centuries. These women were young and handsome, with full, dignified, and stately figures: a dark coloured fillet bound the head, and passing under the chin, left the face entirely uncovered.

Not an hour after this, we observed another group similarly employed. "Now," said Ahmet, "observe the difference: instead of Arabic, I will speak to them in Turkish." He did so, and picking up their vessels, they took to flight; but, when he continued to pursue them, with what I suspect was a volley of abuse, one of them came back trembling with her bardac,|| and we drank freely; she refused any reward. It was near sunset before we reached the village of Tantoura, considered by D'Anville to be the Dora of antiquity; and its distance from Cæsarea¶ justifies that belief, according to the account of Jerome; though no marks of its former self survive.

#### Crocodiles.

Crocodiles are rarely found in the Nile below Manfalout, in lat. 26°, and even there, are very diminutive in size. About Faras, in Nubia, where they are more than twenty feet long I never heard any well-established charge of anthropophagism brought against them. They appear to be, in the main, harmless, inoffensive creatures, not to say *diffident*: and I suspect that the wilful murders with which they stand charged, originate most commonly with those who give evidence against them. I have occasionally seen a dead body fished out of the Nile with arms and legs entire, and nothing missing except the clothes, which, I conclude, would be of no use to the crocodiles, among whom the body had been floating, probably for many leagues. Nothing could be so natural, as for those who best knew the cause of a man's disappearance to say,—"Have you heard what a shocking thing has happened?—poor Mustapha went to fetch a pail of water this morning, and a crocodile took him;" and thus this calumniated fish has of late days lost its character.—Herodotus relates, that the priests at the Lake Mæris kept a tame crocodile, which used to come ashore for cakes and wine, and was very gentle. Mr. Sharon Turner does not deal honestly by this creature, for at the same time that he endues him with a mild and amiable disposition, he attempts to convict him of most diabolical acts: for he insinuates, that he will "leap or scramble

\* Isaiah xxxiv. 10.

† Ezek. xxxv. 7.

‡ Irby and Mangles.

§ Vide Sir F. Henniker's Travels.

|| The earthen waterpot of the country.

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into boats, overturn skiffs with his tail, and eat the crew!" and yet, forsooth, he is neither a fierce nor a cruel animal.

#### *Vestiges of Cæsarea.*

Those palaces which heretofore were the resort of emperors—those courts which rested upon marble and glistened with gold, echoing with the revelry of princes; the theatres, the temples, and the forum,—are now furrowed by the plough, or grazed upon by the beasts\* of the field. You search for the semblance of their figure, some phantom of the past, and you find it not: and the imagination, dwelling upon the busy streets and stately colonnades, still inquires, where is Cæsarea? It lies entombed beneath the little mounds that are barely marked upon the surface; so lowly, they could scarcely serve to hide the mouldering shreds of a peasant's cot; and it should seem as if the very stones had rotted in the soil!

This city, once called the "Tower of Strato," has been supposed to be the Apollonia of Pliny; which, however, is placed by Ptolemy nearer to Jaffa. It was called by Vespasian, the "Flavian Colony." Herod, continually on his guard against a revolt of the Jews, made it a strong fortress, and ornamented it in the most sumptuous manner; all the edifices, not only palaces but private houses, being of marble: and seeing the want of a harbour on that dangerous coast, he made a port equal in size to Piræus, furnished with towers raised in the sea, upon one side of a semicircular mole, the most splendid of which bore the name of Drusus, the adopted son of the emperor; the foundation stones of the mole being fifty feet long by eighteen wide, and nine feet thick. Around the port was a continued series of buildings of the costliest marble; and, in the centre, upon a mound, stood a temple in honour of Cæsar, surmounted by two statues,—one representing the Emperor, modelled after, and equal to, that of the Olympian Jove—and the other a figure of Rome, not inferior to the Argive Juno.

#### *First Sight of Jerusalem.*

It were superfluous to enlarge upon the intense anxiety which every one feels who believes the eternal records of undeviating truth, as he draws near to this remarkable city. His impressions, however, have been already made; so fully has her desolate estate been set forth under every variety of figure, that reality cannot carry him beyond that point to which his imagination has long since reached; and that graphic portraiture of her widowhood, which he here finds drawn to the life, confirms, (if Scripture yet needs confirmation,) the accounts which the

same records contain of her former happiness. The first exclamation which bursts forth, is that which prophecy has said shall be in the mouth of "all that pass,"—"Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" It is impossible that any delineation can be more just, or any image more vivid, than is contained in those few words, "How doth the city sit solitary!" The sight carried across a tract of grey, desolate, and barren rock, rests upon a bare, dead wall, above which little is seen except the tops of a few Turkish mosques. At this time, not a living creature was moving without the city; and, with the exception of the leaden green produced by a few ragged olives, scarcely a sign of vegetation could be traced: a death-like silence settled upon the rocky waste, and the city placed upon an eminence, as if an object for observation, presented one of the most gloomy and melancholy spectacles that the fancy could paint.

#### *The Pool of Siloam.*

Fifteen wide steps conduct into a spacious, arched cavern, where are still some marks of the zeal of St. Helena, by whom it was ornamented; and twelve other narrow steps lead down to the water, which is remarkably clear, but contains no perceptible medicinal property. It has, nevertheless, ever since the time of our Lord, been supposed to possess some purifying quality; and we learn from Fenelon that it was much prized by the Saracens, and Nicephorus relates that the Turks used it for disorders of the eyes; a practice which most probably arose from the miracle recorded in the ninth chapter of St. John: and a belief in its latent virtue still prevails; for upon one occasion it happened that after resting for awhile in the Garden of Gethsemane, and indulging those intensely interesting reflexions which must needs overpower every Christian who should find himself alone upon such a spot, I had wandered down the valley, and descending to the "pool," was pondering over its transparent water, when a sickly-looking Turk came down into the cavern, and taking off his clothes walked into the water. Having no attendant, I could not learn exactly what benefit he expected to derive; but he said that it was "good," and continued in it for some time. The aperture in the rock under which the water appears, has been artificially cut, and is about five feet high; the water not being quite knee-deep. Josephus relates that, before the arrival of Titus and the Roman army at Jerusalem, this fountain and all the others about the city failed to such a degree that the Jews were distressed for water; but upon the arrival of the invaders the springs again flowed, and the Romans had not only enough for themselves and the cattle, but also for the gardens.

\* The prophecy of Zephaniah, ii. v. 6, literally fulfilled.

Under the rock opposite the pool are sixteen tanks, or cisterns, used by the fullers; and below this is shown the tree upon which Judas hanged himself. It is a fig-tree of not many years' growth, but sloping in so gallows-like a direction as apparently to have invited the legend.

#### THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 193.)

[In the seventh letter is a specimen of Miss Fanny's irregular ode, and the fate of its publication.]

I had got, dear, thus far in my Ode,  
Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,  
But, having invoked such a lot of fine things,  
Flowers, billows, and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings,  
Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got 'em.

The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,

Of past MSS. any new ones to try.  
This very night's coach brings my destiny in it,—  
Decides the great question, to live or to die!  
And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,  
All depends on the answer of Simkins and Co!  
You'll think, love, I rave, so 'tis best to let out  
The whole secret, at once—I have publish'd a Book!!!

Yes, an actual Book:—if the marvel you doubt,  
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,  
And you'll find "This day published by Simkins and Co.

A Romant, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe, Woe!'  
By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly so  
[F.]"

This I put that my friends mayn't be left in the dark,

But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.

How I managed, at last, this great deed to achieve,  
Is itself a "Romant" which you'd scarce, dear, believe:

Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,  
Looking out for the Magnet,\* explain it, dear girl,  
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense  
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence,—  
(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble ambition

Aspires not beyond a small second edition.)—  
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,  
I've managed, this last year, to scrape up, by stinting

My own little wants in gloves, ribbons, and shoes,  
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?  
What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?  
Yards of ribbon soon end,—but the measures of rhyme,

Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.

Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,  
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,  
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,  
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk,—and alas!  
My poor copyright too—into other hands pass;  
And my friend, the head dev'l of the "County Gazette,"

(The only Meeunas I've ever had yet).

He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,  
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;  
And while gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)

\* A day coach of that name.

Live on naught but ambrosia, his lot how much sweeter

To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!  
As for *puffing*,—that first of all literary boons,  
And essential alike both to bards and balloons;  
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found  
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground:—

In *this* respect, naught could more prosperous befall;

As my friend (for no less this kind imp could I call)  
Knows the whole world of critics, dear, *hypers* and all.

I suspect, indeed, he himself dabbles in rhyme,  
Which, for *imps* diabolic, is not the first time;  
As I've heard Uncle Bob say, 'twas known among Gnostics,  
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.

But, hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from town—

How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.

That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,  
All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em.  
And then, the great point—whether Simkins and Co.

Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no!  
*Five o'clock.*

All's delightful—such praises!—I really fear  
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear.  
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps,—

All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

#### FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'Tis known that a certain distinguished physician  
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;  
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition,

(Ere critics have injur'd their powers of nutrition,)  
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.

Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific;  
But smooth female sonnets he deems a specific,  
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.  
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,

Is a volume just published by Simkins and Co.,  
Where all such ingredients,—the flowery, the sweet,  
And the gently narcotic,—are mix'd *per* receipt,  
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation  
To say that—'bove all, for the young generation,—  
'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

*Nota bene*—for readers, whose object 's to sleep,  
And who read, in their night-caps, the publishers keep

Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

#### ANECDOTE—FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of \* \* 's rout,  
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.

It was said that Lord —, at the Council, that day,  
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,

And down to a corner, where, heedless, they say,  
How the country's resources were squandered away.

He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his pocket.

Some thought them despatches from Spain, or the Turk,

Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius;

But it turn'd out 'twas only Miss Fudge's new work,  
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious.—

Messrs. Simkins and Co. to avoid all delay  
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,  
He had distanced the whole reading world, by a day!

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less sallies; though, in their place, we do not affect to question the fitness and merit of the other portions of this smart satire.]

### The Public Journals.

THE METROPOLITAN EMIGRANT.—BY JOHN GALT.

(Abridged from *Fraser's Magazine*.)

EVERY man has his own reasons for emigrating, so had I: but I think that, by relating the events of my own life, the reader will have a better idea of them than by any other account I can give; I will, therefore, without delay, relate the incidents that led to, and those which followed after, my emigration.

I was bred by my father in the haberdashery line, and was by him installed in a shop in the borough, with a due assortment of goods; but, after a few days, I perceived that there was some vacancy in my household; long was I before I discovered what this want was—indeed it was not I that found it out, but Miss Barbara Putty, my cousin, who one day, for the first time, deigned to enter my shop: the very first observation she made was—

"Cousin, you want a wife."

"Indeed, I think I do," replied I, in a demure tone; for much did I dread lest my not having thought of it before might have been deemed by Miss Barbara an insult to the sex, represented in her person: however, my forebodings were, happily, not realized, for nothing more was said until the departure of the staid damsel, when she exclaimed, in an intended jocular tone,

"Cousin Stephen, I shall call next month on your bride, whom I hope to find in the person of Miss Amelia Sprat;" and, adding in a lower tone, "who will have three hundred pounds fortune."

My want was thus explained, and I forthwith conned over my list of female friends, and the one I thought would suit me best was the identical Miss Amelia Sprat, the daughter of a plump, rosy-faced fishmonger. That very evening I shut shop full an hour before the usual time, and proceeded to Mr. Sprat's, whom I found busily engaged in his own concerns; but, as I had screwed myself up to the sticking-place, I at once said that, as I had an important communication to make, I would be much obliged by his giving me a private interview.

He at once ordered his boy to attend to the business, and, having taken me into a small room, desired me to acquaint him with what I had to say, as he was very busy and wanted to get back.

"Mr. Sprat," answered I, "I have found that an essential article is wanted in my household, and —"

"Oh," interrupted he, "you want a wife, I suppose."

"Exactly so," continued I; "and in your amiable daughter I think I have discovered the person I should wish to espouse."

"Very well," said he, "if she agrees I will not withhold my consent; so there's the parlour-door, and Amelia's within."

All went well—I was married, and my cousin, Miss Barbara Putty, fulfilled her prediction; moreover, stayed the remainder of the day with us, during which she enlightened my wife on sundry points of domestic economy, and in the craft of household management.

For some time things went on better than I had ever anticipated, and, by degrees, I was led into speculations in various kinds of haberdashery, pronounced so many gold mines; but it is wonderful that they all, without exception, turned out losses, to the great detriment of my purse and temper, for, as things grew worse, I am told that I became remarkably crabbed and peevish.

One day as I was standing behind my counter, two elderly gentlemen came in and asked permission to wait for a little, till it had ceased raining, as it was at the time very wet: of course I complied, and handed them seats. After a little they began to converse about the Canadas, and, having been but little instructed about foreign countries, I listened attentively to what they were saying, which was, as near as I can recollect, to the following effect:—

"I think, Mr. Brown," said he who seemed the elder of the two, "that I shall soon emigrate myself, things are becoming worse every day, and I believe that the States or the Canadas are now the best place for a poor man; and, if I mistake not, they will soon receive many of the poor bankrupt tradesmen and others who find themselves sinking lower every day."

"Ah, Mr. Millman," answered the other with a smile, "both you and I are too old to think of it now; we could not change our habits so much as to be able to endure the privations of the backwoods: emigration appears to me fitted chiefly for the lower orders, and those who have no fixed habits; but I agree with you in thinking that Canada is the place for the poor tradesmen of this country."

"My opinion," replied Mr. Millman, "is, that those tradesmen who are going on the high road to ruin, could do no better than, instead of selling their goods at half-price, carry out their merchandise with them to Canada, and begin business again."

This advice appeared to me very judicious, and from that time I commenced revolving in my own mind what I had heard about this land of refuge, and likewise endeavoured to inform myself better on the subject, whereby it was soon noised abroad that I, Stephen Needles, was going to emigrate.

I had now resolved to emigrate. I therefore stuck up printed hand-bills in my shop-windows, that contained a great deal about "prodigious sacrifices," "great catch," &c.; and in a few days disposed of all the things I did not intend to take with me.

Every thing went on as well as I could wish; and I sailed on the 10th of July, in the ship *Providence*, from London for Quebec, with a great assortment of goods.

With respect to our voyage, I will say nothing—neither about my own sickness and fears, nor those of Amelia; but will merely state that, after a wearisome voyage of seven weeks, we arrived at the capital of Lower Canada.

We did not remain long at Quebec, for I was dissuaded from opening shop there by being told that the market was decidedly overstocked, and was advised to go to some of the new settlements, where I should be able to drive a prodigious trade. I therefore determined to set off the next Monday, being the second we had spent in the "false city," as my wife denominated Quebec, giving orders for the construction of an enormous beef-steak pie.

Monday turned out, to our delight, a very fine day, and we started by six in the morning in a vehicle denominated a wagon; which name, however, I cannot say I think appropriate. We were accompanied with three veritable wagons, containing part of our luggage; the other part of which I had agreed with the man to be sent after me.

When we had travelled several hours, we began to feel the admonitions of hunger; and we therefore resolved to breakfast at the place where we then were, as no inn was in view. So, having got it out of the wagon, we placed the ponderous pie on the ground, and satisfied the cravings of nature. Then we spread a cloth over it, while we went to look after the rest of our train, which was just appearing in sight.

We found no damage of a serious nature had befallen our articles; and we therefore prepared to re-enter our conveyance, when Amelia recollected our provisions, and ran to fetch the pie; with which she soon returned and placed it upon the seat, while we got in; which we had barely accomplished, when we perceived the cloth moving.

"What can it be?" said my wife, putting down her hand to lift it. She had hardly touched it when a hiss was heard beneath, and a snake thrust out its head and began to crawl up her arm. She gave such a terrific scream that the horse took fright, and setting off at full speed, ran foul of a stump, and precipitated us, snake and all, to the ground.

"Ah, ah!" shrieked Amelia, in a tone of horror; "I feel it twining down the back of my neck. Oh, oh! take hold of its tail—stop it!"

"I'll not touch the reptile," said I: "I'm sure it's a rattlesnake. Wait till I——"

"Oh! I am dying—I feel it stinging me. Ah, ah!—there again," interrupted my wife, throwing herself with all her force upon the ground; and the snake, finding itself, I suspect, in no very comfortable quarters under Amelia, who is corpulently inclined, abandoned its position, and, to its victim's horror, glided across her mouth in its progress. She then got up; and the driver, who was indulging in a fit of laughter at her expense, soon extirpated the reptile, which he pronounced of the most harmless dispositions. However, nothing could induce either of us to taste the pie again; on which the man and his companions breakfasted, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at our expense.

Nothing more occurred till we arrived at the place where I intended to settle, as it is called; and we got to the tavern just before sunset. Here we had some tea; and then went to the balcony, where we remained talking of our prospects in Canada till we were completely discomfited by whole swarms of mosquitoes, that fastened on our hands and faces in such a manner as to occasion us some pain.

In a few moments I became disagreeably itchy; and as we were scratching the blains in very agony, a person told us with a grave face that doing so only made them worse, as if it were possible to help it. In the irritation of my nerves, I answered him very tartly; and on his laughing, grew so angry that I quite forgot myself, and in the end made him equally furious.

From that time to this I have had reason to repent having so given way to my temper; but to the irritation produced by the bites of the mosquitoes I attributed all the misfortunes that I experienced in that part of the country; for I have reason to believe that this person went about the village, and stirred them up against me.

The next day I purchased a convenient house, and removed my goods into it without delay; and after being occupied a fortnight with carpenters, joiners, &c., I placed my commodities in excellent order (the remainder having duly arrived), and was quite prepared to receive customers.

My store, as they called it, being opened, the people of the village immediately flocked to it, and bargained for articles, which, to my astonishment, they were about to carry away without paying; and on my asking them for money, they impertinently shrugged their shoulders, and went away leaving the things behind them. Strange as it may appear, it is the fact that not one of those who entered the shop purchased an article: all without exception, on my demanding the price, muttered some outlandish gibberish and walked out.

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"Well," says I to myself, "these are the poor people of the village, who are trying to get me wheedled out of my property; those that can pay will come to-morrow."

But the next day, and the one following, not the shadow of a customer crossed my threshold, and I began to fidget; but I shall always think that it arose from that quarrel I had at the inn; and what makes me more certain is, that the same individual told me that the reason I had no custom was because I did not give credit, as if I should have trusted persons I never saw in my life before. They were, however, to say the mildest thing of them, barbarians; for they could not speak a Christian tongue, but uttered gibberish, and laughed one with another as they left the shop. As a proof of their utter foolishness, when I was showing some capital cloth to one of these habitans, as they are called, he held up his garment, and said, with a corresponding shrug, "It isn't as goot as dat;" when it was better beyond comparison. But my store-keeping business was fast coming to a conclusion.

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(To be concluded in our next.) 250

### The Gatherer.

*The Observatory at Paris.*—Neither wood nor iron were used in the construction of this building. The whole is of stone, and all the rooms and staircases are vaulted. In one apartment, by putting the mouth against a pilaster, and speaking low, the voice may be heard by a person at the opposite pilaster, and by no other person in the room. Upon the floor of another apartment is engraved an universal chart.

*Liverpool and Manchester Railway.*—In one week of the last month, 14,588 passengers travelled the whole length of the line along the Liverpool and Manchester railway. This is exclusive of passengers going short distances, and of those proceeding by the Bolton and other branch railways. The following is the number of passengers along the whole line during the first seven months of the present year: January, 26,572; February, 24,171; March, 26,880; April, 31,300; May, 35,118; June, 56,280; July, 54,642;—Total, 255,053. This number is also exclusive of short distances and branch railway passengers.

A slip of bamboo cane, twelve inches high, was planted on the 1st of April, 1833, in a garden at Hières, in the Var, (France,) and has thrown out several shoots of from 20 to 26 feet high. The ground has been constantly irrigated during the hot season; but the degree of cold it is able to bear has not been ascertained, since the late winters have been very mild. One of the shoots, which

appeared above the ground on 3rd Sept., 1833, had, on 9th October last, reached the height of 25 feet. Its circumference at the base was nine inches, and at about six feet from the ground, seven inches. If it can be reconciled to this climate, it will become of great utility, from the rapidity of its growth. It is propagated by shoots, which at the end of five or six months may be separated from the mother root; and it may also be multiplied by cuttings.—*Paris Advertiser.*

*Passage to India.*—The first Indian mail by way of Alexandria and the Red Sea, which was despatched from Falmouth on March 3, in the *African* steamer, arrived at Bombay, April 22, in 50 days from England. The passage by this route may now be generally accomplished in 50 days, viz. 17 days from Falmouth to Malta, 5 from Malta to Alexandria, and 28 from Alexandria to Bombay, including stoppages.—*Paris Advertiser.*

*Epreuves.*—We understand, by *eprouvettes*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence, that their bare appearance ought to excite in a human being, properly organized, all the faculties of taste. A distinguished gastronome proposes *eprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities. We will illustrate this matter by an anecdote.—Cardinal Fesch, a name of honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would appear ridiculous, but the Cardinal was, notwithstanding, most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*—"Be of good faith, your Eminence:" was the reply, "both shall appear: both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served: one of the turbots relieved the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, religious, gastronomical—it was the moment of the *eprouvette positive*. The *maitre d'hôtel* advances: two attendants raise the monster, and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight, the assembled Cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *eprouvette negative*—but the *maitre d'hôtel* suddenly turns to the attendant—"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other appeared, and the *eprouvette positive* was gloriously renewed.—*Quarterly Review.*

*Louis XIV.*—In the royal library, at Paris, is a pair of globes, nearly 12 feet in diameter, and 35 in circumference; which are supposed to be the largest in Europe, except one in the University of Cambridge. An inscription on the celestial sphere informs us that "all the planets are laid down in the position they occupied at the birth of Louis le Grand:" and one on the terrestrial globe asserts that "it was constructed to exhibit the countries which that great monarch might have subdued, had not his moderation prescribed limits to his valour."

Every one has observed that dogs, before they lie down, turn themselves round and round several times. Those who have had an opportunity of witnessing the actions of animals in a wild state, know that they seek long grass for their beds, which they beat down and render more commodious by turning round in it several times. It would appear, therefore, that the habit of our domestic dogs in this respect is derived from the nature of the same species in the wild state. This is a curious fact, and serves to prove how much the instinctive habits of wild animals are retained by their domesticated progeny.—*Jesse's Gleamings.*

*Poverty* is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country, from the fashion of the times themselves.—*Cobbett.*

*A Truth.*—I cannot form an idea of a mortal more wretched than a man of real talent, compelled to curb his genius, and to submit himself in the exercise of that genius, to those whom he knows to be far inferior to himself, and whom he must despise from the bottom of his soul.—*Cobbett.*

*Onions.*—In a garden here, (at Old Romney,) I saw some very fine onions, and a prodigious crop—sure sign of most excellent land.—*Cobbett.*

*Blackberry Jam.*—A Correspondent of the *Magazine of Domestic Economy*, writes with homely emphasis: "Blackberry jam, I have every reason to believe, is the most salubrious preserve that can be devised for the gratification of human beings. I speak from ample experience, having had made, and seen consumed, many hundred weights of it within the past few years."

*Vaudeville.*—This species of drama is said to have derived its name from the following circumstance. Oliver Basselin, a fuller in Normandy, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, used to compose humorous songs, which he sang as he stretched out his cloth in the *vaux* or valleys on the banks of the river *Vire*. These songs became popular,

and, from being first called *Vaux-de-Vire*, afterwards assumed the name of *Vaudeville*.

The New York papers announce the death of Enoch Crosby, in the 88th year of his age. He was the original of Fenimore Cooper's character of Harvey Birch, in the novel of *The Spy*, and rendered important services to General Washington during the American war.

*Magisterial Ignorance.*—One of Cromwell's followers, who filled the important station of an Irish Justice, at the period of 1661, having occasion to write the word "usage," contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word; his improved orthography was, "*yowzitch*." When some remarks were made on similar feats, he averred that "nobody could spell with pens made from Irish geese." F. J. S.

*Eating Fast.*—The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralyzed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life,—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the Emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions—a dish only to be paralleled by the pork chops which Messrs. Thurtell and Co. regaled on after completing the murder of their friend Mr. Weare.

*Fortune.*—In the obituary of the year 1799, we find recorded the deaths of two persons, whose circumstances are extraordinary examples of reverse fortune. The first was Mr. James Calvert, who in February died in indigence, having been the sole proprietor of the first ticket ever drawn so high a prize as 20,000*l.* in the English lottery; and in a subsequent lottery he gained 5,000*l.*: he was originally a capital vinegar-merchant, at the corner of Old-street, in the City Road. In the following month died Mr. Abraham Newman, who was one of the richest citizens of London, and a happy instance of the powers of accumulation by the steady pursuit of honourable industry. Without speculation or adventure, he acquired 600,000*l.* as a grocer: he retired from trade about four years before his death, but so forcible was his habit, that he came every day to the shop, and ate his mutton at two o'clock, the good old city hour, with his successors.

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